



VOL. VI.

JUNE, 1865.

NO. 6.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

Yes; that is what all this means. Would you have guessed it? Would you not have said rather, that these colored children are out for some Fourth-of-July celebration, or something of the sort, they seem so full of joy?

It is, indeed, a celebration for them; it is a bright and glorious day. This scene was witnessed lately in Savannah. Who would have believed the prophecy, had it been made a very few years ago, that in the streets of Savannah, Georgia, in the year of our Lord, 1865, a great procession should be seen of the children of slaves made free, and on their way to school!

The Rev. Mr. Alvord, whom many of you know,

was there, and witnessed this scene. This is his story, written in Savannah:—

"Five hundred colored children met in the large basement of the First Baptist Church; and, after examining and grading them, we formed ten schools of fifty pupils each. Two of these were composed respectively of the advanced and ordinary readers; the other eight of such as must commence with very easy lessons, or the alphabet. Fifteen teachers (colored) whom we had examined were assigned to these schools, according to their rank.

"Having finished this arrangement, we formed a procession, with each teacher at the head of his or her school, and marched through the streets to the places assigned by Gen. Geary for our use. It was

a procession such as Savannah never saw before. The children of slaves going to school! As the long line passed, the children by twos and hand in hand, the people gazed and wondered. One man remarked, the sight was only second to the entrance of Sherman's army.

"The buildings occupied are the old Oglethorpe Medical College and Bryan's Slave-mart. The rooms of each are large and very convenient. As we entered the spacious saloon in the second and third stories of the latter building, and placed the children upon the very same platforms where slaves—'their own fathers and mothers'—had sat in sadness, while the buyers rudely examined their persons and closed the terrible bargain, it seemed a change wrought only by miracle. Just before, tears and wailings had filled the place; now, bright, flashing eyes, and the insuppressible titter of joy from the black, round faces of negro children. Parents and old men looked on (who, for twenty years, as they told me, had shuddered as they passed this dismal mart), and wept happy tears, lifting their hands, literally, in thanksgiving to God for what their eyes beheld. I looked, myself, upon the deeds of sale for human flesh, and a number of pairs of shackles which I had received as relics, and then upon those five hundred children seated and waiting for instruction, with emotions such as I never felt before."

It is affecting to hear of the joy of the freed parents of these freed children, at the thought that they can learn to read. Mr. Alvord says, that they are quite anxious to pay for their school books. He writes,—

"One teacher told me he had received twenty-two dollars for spelling-books the first forenoon. He exchanged with me (for currency) a half-dollar black as iron, of which one of the mothers said to him, 'I keep dis many long year laid up; but now my child want spelling-book, and I ken keep him no longer.' The date of the piece is 1831."

Well may we thank God that we are permitted to live in a day when he is putting it into the power of our loyal people, and giving them the will to aid these poor, ignorant, colored children and their parents in such a way as this.

Remember, young readers, what these lowly ones have suffered through their long bondage, and pray, and do what you can for their welfare.

For the Child at Home.

DO YOU WISH YOU WERE A PRINCE?

I once saw a pretty little boy, in velvet coat, cap and plumes, riding in an elegant carriage along one of the grand avenues of Paris. Before and behind the carriage rode men on horseback, in gay uniforms. I suppose you think he was riding with his father or mother. No: I am told they do not take him to ride with them; it would not be thought proper! Only his nurse and governess ride with the child.

The emperor of France is this boy's father. Of course he is a very important young gentleman, — so important that he even has a dentist all to himself, Dr. Evans, an American, who goes to the palace every morning to see if the prince's teeth are all right.

The imperial child stood at the door of the carriage, leaning his cheek on his hand, and gravely considered the people. He saw some children playing. I thought he wanted to play with them. I dare say he longs sometimes, as one of his royal relatives did, to go and "play in the pretty mud." The grand carriage was soon out of sight, and I saw the prince no more. Poor child! I pitied him. The French people don't like his father; and they may conclude some morning, before the little prince has opened his eyes, that they *will not* have Louis Napoleon to rule them, and will try to get rid of him and his family. But the emperor has so many "guards" around his palace, and everywhere else, that the people could not easily get hold of him.

The emperor has a very solemn face. They say he seldom smiles: he certainly does not *look* as if he knew how to laugh and frolic with his boy. His mamma is a sweet-looking lady, and I hope the prince has some happy times with her; but I fear she can not think a great deal about him, she has to take so much thought about her toilet. Probably she feels obliged to neglect him.

All this is sad enough; yet the worst of all is, that the prince knows little of true religion. I doubt if he understands the prayers he is taught at home or hears at church. His friends are Catholics. Perhaps he is entertained with seeing the people at church, and looking at the odd garments of the priests, and their strange bowings and flourishes; perhaps he likes to look at the great pictures in the church, and hear the fine music; but I am afraid he does not learn much about God, and his own soul.

He does not know that God has commanded the Sabbath to be kept holy. He only knows that it is the day for more riding and gaiety than any other. He sees almost the whole city breaking the Sabbath; and he is growing up to be a Sabbath-breaker, too. Are you not sorry for him?

I have heard children wish they were princes, kings, or queens. Now don't you be so foolish as to wish any such thing. There are princes happier, perhaps, than the son of Louis Napoleon, and who are brought up better; but I do not believe that any of them are as happy as you are.

When princes come to stand before God in the other world they are just like other people. Those who have loved "the Prince of peace" in this world, though they may have been ever so poor, "shall reign for ever and ever" in heaven.

S. E. L.

For the Child at Home.

HOME-MADE PLAYTHINGS.

Probably many of my young readers have a kind pastor, of whom they are very fond. Now, I want to tell you about my pastor, and the kind act he did for a poor little girl. He has a study, built in the church, where he spends several hours every day. A poor woman was cleaning the church; and her daughter, seven or eight years old, was playing there, when my pastor in passing to and from his study chanced to spy the child. She was scantily clothed, and was very shy of the good man, always running away at the sound of his footstep, so that he never had a chance to speak with her.

At last he came out from his study one day, and there was our little girl all absorbed with her playthings, and so interested in them that she never started the least at his approach.

Now what do you suppose her playthings were? A pretty doll with glass eyes and neat clothes, or a rag-baby? It was neither. I wonder whether you could make such playthings as she had? Her mother had swept up some bits of paper, which she had torn into strips, and those strips into square pieces; then she turned up the edges of these, and put very small bits of paper on them, and set them on the floor, and was playing "tea" with them.

She had found some pins also, which she stuck into a door-sill, and on top of them placed a piece of paper. This was her house. The clergyman was so pleased at the joy she exhibited in her new treasures, for her little eyes fairly shone with pleasure, that they became friends immediately. He asked her what she held in her hands, for she was fondling something very affectionately: she answered, "Oh! that's the baby." I wish you would try to guess what this baby was. A little stick of wood, which I presume she loved better than you do nicer babies, for it was her all. Her new friend gave her some pennies, fresh from the mint, and bright like gold dollars: in a perfect ecstasy of joy she flew to show them to her mother. She never again ran away from my pastor, for she found that though he was a large man he could share her joy; and I could have told her that he has a loving, Christian heart; and he was fully rewarded by the pleasure which his sympathy and kindness caused her.

Our pastor told us this story at our Sabbath-school concert.

H. L.



For the Child at Home.

"SOSO AND THE THIEF."

"Soso" is a young friend of mine. Her name is "Sophronia," but that is a long word for a little girl, and therefore her father and mother got into the habit of calling her "Soso," which is much prettier, I think.

One day, when she was quite a tiny little creature, her mother took her to an "Agricultural Fair," where there were many fine specimens of fruits, and of domestic manufactures, and animals, on exhibition.

Of course there was a great crowd upon the grounds, and people pressed very closely upon each other; but Soso could not exactly see why one coarse ugly-looking man should get quite so near as to touch her and her mother, with his shaggy head just over her mother's shoulder. She gave him such a keen glance from her black eyes, that he shrank away in a minute, and was lost in the throng; but, a short time after, Mrs. Ross missed her purse with a good deal of money in it.

"I do believe that ugly-looking man has got it," said Soso.

Her mother had not observed him, but when she saw the police, she told of the missing purse, and also what her little girl had said about the strange man.

A few days after this, several pickpockets were taken up by the detectives, and, among other articles, the bills were found that Mrs. Ross had pricked with a pin in order to know them again; for she felt that a Fair was just the place for rogues. The purse was gone. The officers sent for the owner, and told her to bring "Soso" with her into court, where the men were to be tried for stealing. Now was the time for the bold, bad man to shrink and be afraid.

"Have they brought that black-eyed little girl along?" asked he, with an oath, of one of his companions who had managed to keep clear of the officers, and yet have access to the place of confinement.

"Yes, she is here."

"Then it is all up with me," said the thief.

And it really was; for when the men were led into court, and "Soso" was asked to point out the one who pressed so near to her mother on the day of the fair, she immediately singled out the shaggy-haired thief, and said, "That is he."

And the judge sent him to prison to live two years, away from the virtuous and good, lest by his vicious habits he should lead others to evil, and as a well-deserved punishment for his sins; for this was only one of many offences.

Ah! we may be sure our sin will find us out, however we may plan to escape detection. That bold thief little thought that the simple child who clung to her mother's hand would be the means of bringing to light his deeds of darkness, and of shutting him out from the glorious freedom which the good citizen enjoys.

Let us ask the blessed Saviour to help us to make our lives so pure from evil, that we may not shrink from the presence of any of our fellow-beings, and that when we stand before our Eternal Judge, he may not cast us into outer darkness.

F. B. S.

For the Child at Home.

HARRY'S SERMON.

It was a warm Sabbath afternoon in June, and the minister was lying on the sofa at home, quite tired after the two services of the day. Harry was reading his new library-book at the window; and Eddie, a curly-headed little fellow of four years old, was running about, asking a hundred questions, climbing into dangerous places, and keeping his poor father in continual uneasiness.

"Where's mother?" he asked Harry at last. "In the nursery, with baby," said Harry. The minister sighed; it would not do to send Eddie there. "Couldn't you sit still a little while, Eddie?" he asked. And Eddie tried, and found he couldn't.

"How selfish I am!" thought Harry. "Poor father's head aches, and I might take care of Eddie."

"Eddie," he said, "let's go to church; and I'll be the minister and preach you a sermon. 'Well,' said Eddie, 'and I'll be the peoples.'" So Harry led him away, and they went up stairs together. As the child climbed the second flight, clinging to his brother's hand, he said, "Seems to me the minister and the peoples are going up into the steeple!"

This flight of stairs led up to a fine large attic, before whose dormer window stood an old-fashioned rush-bottomed arm-chair with short rockers. "This is your pew," said Harry, lifting Eddie into it; "and now you must pay attention to my sermon." He set an old fire-screen in front of him, by way of pulpit, and thus began:—

"My text is a very short and easy one, a part of papa's text this afternoon, 'Be kind.' There are some little texts in the Bible, on purpose for little children; and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermon:—

"Firstly. Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise

when he has a headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is, but I do. I had one once, and I didn't want to hear any one speak a word.

"*Secondly.* Be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, 'It is time for you to go to bed,' half a dozen times over.

"*Thirdly.* Be kind to baby."

"You have leaved out, 'Be kind to Harry,'" interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry, "I didn't mean to mention my own name in my sermon. I was saying, Be kind to little Minnie; and let her have your red soldier to play with, when she wants it.

"*Fourthly.* Be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you."

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said, —

"But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"People mustn't talk in meeting," said Harry.

"Besides, if a little boy creeps all over the bed, under the bed-clothes, before he gets out of it, I should think his little yellow curls would have to be pulled before his head would look fit to be seen at the breakfast-table. And now I have forgotten whether the next head was to be *fifthly* or *sixthly*."

"I don't know what *fifthly* is," said Eddy.

"Oh, that's because you don't know how to count. See here, I'll count them on your fingers for you. *One*, Be kind to papa. *Two*, Be kind to mamma. *Three*, Be kind to baby. *Four*, Be kind to Jane. Oh, yes! that's it. Now the little finger is *Five*.

"*Fifthly.* Be kind to Kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Baby made her me-ow right out loud to-day," interrupted Harry's restless little congregation again. "She pulled her tail, and Kitty jumped right down off the cradle, and ran to the door; and I shut it for her."

"Opened it, you mean," said Harry.

"Isn't the sermon most done?" asked Eddie; "I want to sing;" and without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse, or give out a hymn, he began at once with, "Three little kittens, they lost their mittens."

The little preacher looked somewhat disconcerted; but had no time to remonstrate, for the supper-bell rang, and Eddie was speedily on his way down stairs.

"You were very quiet up stairs," said their father; "and I had a good nap, and feel much better."

So Harry's sermon did good beyond the limits of his small congregation. M. E. A.

For the Child at Home.

HAVE YOU NOT DONE THE SAME?

Thou that sayest a man should not steal, dost thou steal? — Rom. ii. 21.

"A thief! a thief!" The words rang through the street; and presently strong hands were laid upon a little boy of only ten summers, who, crying and struggling, threw down the handful of cakes he had stolen, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm sorry! I'm sorry! but I was so hungry!" The officer led him off, and the people who had stopped to look on passed along. Among them was George Ladd, a well-dressed boy, who was taking a morning walk with his mother. The poor boy's desolate look and words had deeply excited the lady's feelings; but George had betrayed nothing during the scene but curiosity to see the result. His mother observed this with pain, but said nothing, hoping her little son would express some sympathy after the excitement had passed away. But, instead of doing so, he only assumed an air of superiority and self-satisfaction, and asked, "Ain't you glad, mother, that I am honest? Why, I wouldn't steal a pin, for the world!"

Mrs. Ladd looked down sadly upon George, and asked, "Did you not make your sister Anna uncomfortable this morning, by telling her you was going to have a nice walk, tauntingly remarking,

that she had to stay at home, and practice her music-lesson?"

George looked a little discomfited, and the haughty expression faded somewhat from his face, for he remembered his words to Anna, and the sorrowful look they had occasioned. But he said nothing, and his mother continued: "And yesterday, when baby Ella was playing with the new toy your father brought her, you stood behind her and snatched it suddenly from her hand just to amuse yourself with her wild, disturbed look. You have been many times reprov'd for such acts, though we have never called them by any harsher name than mischief. But I think they might properly be called *theft*. Whenever you do such things, you steal enjoyment from others; and, George, do you not do it from a much lower impulse than the one which actuated that poor boy to take those cakes? He was hungry. Your wants are all supplied; and yet you are not satisfied without frequently doing selfish things, merely to gain a momentary, low enjoyment. I can not describe to you the pain it causes, when we perceive this spirit in you; and it ill becomes you to turn from another erring child with feelings of pride and self-satisfaction."

Much to George's relief, they had now reached home, and the conversation ceased. We will hope the lesson was not lost. H.

For the Child at Home.

JESSIE'S BIBLE.

Jessie's father was a drunkard.

I hope none of the bright eyes which will fall on those words will grow dim with tears as their owners are obliged to think, "So is my father!" for it is a sad thing to have a drunken father.

Jessie was a dear child. God had remembered her in her trouble, and had softened the great grief which had come upon her by giving and preserving a lovely Christian mother to be her earthly guide; and that mother's prayerful teachings had been blessed. Jessie, too, became a Christian.

What a comfort she was to that mother! Many an hour they sat together at evening, when the father was out in his drunken revels at the dram-shop. They talked together of the love of Jesus; of his precious promises; and of the happy home above to which they felt sure he was bringing them, though through sore trials. And many a prayer they offered together for "poor, dear father," as Jessie always called him when she prayed.

They never gave him up; they never ceased trying, by kind words and affectionate treatment, to win him back to what he once was; for Jessie, as well as her mother, could remember the time when he was a very different man. And even now there were days when he was sober; when he worked to support his family; and when he felt sadly to remember the grief he had caused them. Then he would be tempted again and fall.

Jessie was preparing a surprise for her father. The surprise was to be a present to him on his next birthday, — the present to be a beautiful little gilt-edged Bible, which she was to buy herself, and which she thought he would prize as coming from the little daughter whom he so much loved, and to whom, when not under the influence of strong drink, he was so kind.

A good Christian lady was in the secret, and in various ways she had helped Jessie to add to the pennies which she was keeping safely in a drawer in her own room, and which were increasing in number in a way that assured her she would have enough to buy the Bible.

Jessie had already begun to count the days to pass before she should purchase her gift, when one

of the dark times came, in which her father yielded to the appetite that cursed his home. He wanted money to buy more rum; and coming into the house when Jessie and her mother were out, he commenced a search. Finding nothing where he had more than once laid hands upon small sums which his thoughtful wife had saved and laid aside for better uses, he entered his little girl's room, and there he quickly discovered her hidden treasure.



With a drunkard's baseness and meanness, he eagerly seized it and hurried to the tavern, where it was soon in the landlord's till behind the bar.

Poor Jessie! She knew at once, on going into her room, that somebody had been there, and hastening to her drawer, found, to her sudden distress and dismay, that her money was gone.

"It's father!" sobbed Jessie; "and when I had saved it for him, too!"

And it was impossible for her mother to keep back her own tears, as she strove to comfort little Jessie. But they knew where to go for consolation, and He who loves and pities his children soothed Jessie's sorrow.

When the wretched husband and father came home, he was greeted with no reproaches. Had he been himself, he would have noticed the sad, patient faces of his wife and child; but he saw none of this, and was aided, as he had often been before, to reach the little bedroom, where he was soon in a drunkard's sleep. Late in the evening he awoke. Jessie and her mother still sat together. The door stood ajar. They were preparing to retire to rest. They had been talking of other matters, but Jessie's grief seemed to return as they were about to offer their evening prayer, and he heard her voice: "I should not feel so badly, mamma, if I had saved it for myself; but to think that after I had tried so many weeks to get enough to buy father that Bible for my birthday-gift, he should take it and spend it for what hurts him and us so much!" and then he knew that the tears of both mother and child were falling.

He was wide awake now, and listening; and a sharp pain was at his heart, for he understood all that he had heard and all that he had done.

"Well, darling, there is One who will help us," was the comforting reply of Jessie's mother; "let us pray, now." And then their prayers were offered; first the mother's, then Jessie's; and when he heard his sorrowing child pleading for a blessing on her "poor, dear father," he was made to feel

